# THE PANDORA'S PATHWAY.

Her Brisk Run Across Melville Bay to the Carey Islands.

JOURNALISM ON SHIPBOARD.

A Sailor's Essay on the Merits of the Esquimau Fair.

THE ARCTIC MAIL BAGS.

Steering Southward for Lancaster Sound.

#### THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

BARROW STRAIT, Aug. 20, 1875. About seven o'clock in the evening a slow, drizzling, disagreeable rain set in, giving promise of bad weather for the next two or three days. But we had, fortunately, got in nearly forty tons of coal, as much as the captain wanted, and we accordingly stopped, tired, but well satisfied with the result of our day's work. Had we not been favored with fine weather we might have been here four or five days without accomplishing so much. We did not get up anchor until next morning, having in the evening taken leave of our Esquimaux friends, who had set up a tent on shore, where they passed the night before returning to Yuyarsusuk. Wa gave the girls a number of little presents, with which they seemed much pleased, before bidding them adieu, Among other things I observed that Juliet had received a prettily embroidered white linen pillow case, but could not find out who had given it to her, although I may have had my suspicions. It is probably long ere this worked up into boot tops.

As we shall meet with no more pretty girls in the course of our narrative I would like, before finally taking leave of these, to assure the reader that I do not think I have exaggerated the charms of the fair girls of the Arctic regions in the least. Nor am I alone in my appreciation of them, for I found that all my messmates were of the same opinion as myself. Perhaps it was because these people have been so persistently misrepresented by travellers as "dirty" and "filthy" that we were agreeably astonished to find them otherwise, and all the more disposed to do them justice; but certain it is that my companions were even more enthusiastic in singing their praises than myself. Soon after leaving England we had established a little weekly paper, called the Pandora's Box, to which everybody was expected to contribute, and the week succeeding our visit to Disco and Yuyar susuk the editor was considerably amused to find that every contributor had chosen one subject with a unanimity that was somewhat embarrassing. The consequence was that the Pandora's Box for August 17, 1875, presented a funny succession of articles about the Arctic girls, of one of which I herewith present a copy as an evidence that I have not been exaggerating. It was Signed "Tromp," but it is not quite certain that he is the author, as they were in the habit of sometimes signing each other's names :-

PRAISE OF THE FAIR.

It is truth old as the hills that the sailor stops just long enough in every harbor to feel the true value of those whom he is obliged to leave behind him. Untrue it is, however, that he forgets those good fairnes who throw now and then a warm sunbeam on his troubled path as quickly as he does the privations which he often has to bear. On the contrary, once returned on board of his ship he often quickly remembers the lovely beauty to whom he was obliged (perhaps forever) to bid farewell, and he remains a long time thankful for the moments which were so dear to him. Let us then, too, in our Pandora! Box reserve a little room for the commemoration of these simple children of nature of the high north, who during two days have shared with us the joy and grief of our life; for it is impossible for us to see in those kind, pretty sisters from the unknown homes of Yuyarsusuk common workers of a coal mine. There is no resemblance at all between these healthy, merry children of Kudlisct and the poor, wornout faces of the miners of old Europe. Without being aware of it they possessed all the virtues which we admire in a highbred woman—simplicity, modesty, intelligence and refinement—and when we compared them with the ugly old woman who all the virtues which we admire in a highbred womansimplicity, modesty, intelligence and refinement—and
when we compared them with the ugly old woman who
guarded them with the ugly old woman who
guarded them with the eye of an argus we regretted
very much that these lonely flowers were planted in
the cold, barren ground of this bleak shore to prematurely wither beneath its long and bitter winter.
More utterly forgotten in the world none can live; but
as we recall those sweet, melaneholy tones of their nalive land we are unable to forget that fellow creatures
were never more misplaced. Let us, then, finish with
wishing them all possible good, and let our thoughts
sometimes return to those pretty little flowers who
flourish utterly forgotten in the snow covered mounlain homes of Disco Island.

THE PANDORA LOOKING DIRTY. What a miserable, dirty, disreputable looking ship the Pandora was next morning. A dull, damp, heavy fog that made the coal bluffs of Kudliset loom up nigh and indistinct on the starboard beam; that seemed, to hang about the shrouds and rigging in festoons and trickle down the ropes in little streams and drop on the decks in puddles, where it turned to ink in the toal dust which now covered the ship like a thick coat of dirty, sloppy black paint. Her decks when she left Portsmouth, bad as we then thought them, were ! clean and respectable and orderly when compared to their present condition. Coal everywhere, from the jibom to the taffrail; everything was covered with it; you could not touch a rope without having it trickle through your fingers in a thick, dirty ooze, nor lay your hand on anything without getting it painted black. It seemed to travel and climb, too, for t went below and invaded the wardroom and cabins, turning everything a dirty black, and I found it on the shrouds at the maintop. The Pandora, in short, was reeking with coai, saturated with coal, drunk with coal; she had greedily gorged herself until she rolled and staggered deep down in the water, as she was when we commenced getting her under way, and groaning as though protesting against being disturbed until she had digested her gluttonous meal. The dogs ran about with trooping tails and hair streaming with dirty, inky water, ceeking in vain a place to lie down in; and even "Mr. Hogan," the pig, had changed his coat of white for one of sooty black, as though he had been disguising himself with a view of escaping to avoid attendance on a Christmas dinner to which he had long since been invited. In a short time we were all transformed into a kind of cross between a coalheaver and a chimney sweep, and went about glaring at each other like negro mastrels, with distended eyeballs that seemed to have suddenly turned all white.

But this was a state of things we had expected, and which we knew had to be endured until our deckload of coal should be consumed, and we therefore made the

NEWS OF THE ENGLISH SHIPS AT OPERNAVIE. We got out of Waigat Strait during the day, and following the coast of Greenland, were soon favored by light breezes blowing from the south, southwest and southeast-almost the first fair winds we had had since leaving England. We got into Upernavik on the morning of the 13th, but did not drop anchor, as Captain Young only proposed to stop long enough to leave letters and buy, if possible, a couple of dogs. The Gov. ernor soon came off in his boat, kindly bringing with him his meteorological journal, by which we were enabled to see what had been the direction of the winds during the last three months—an important element always to be taken into consideration in ice navigation. It is upon winds more than any thing else that navigators depend for breaking up the ice and opening the way to the higher latitudes within the Arctic circle. northern winds prevail during the early part of the summer, then the ice which 'is breaking up will be driven south through Hudson Bay and Davis Strait into the broad Atlantic, and the northern waters will be found in August and September quite clear. If, on the contrary, the winds blow mostly from the south, the ice will move out very slowly, or perhaps not at all, and the northern seas will remain closed until the rapidly returning winter locks them up again for another year. We found, upon looking over the Governor's journal, that northern winds had been blowing steadily from the 22d of April until the 1st of June, and that during the months of June northern winds had for the most part prevelled, with only an occasional breeze from

probabilities then were that the ice would have been all driven south from Melville Bay and the north part of Hudson Bay, and that this would be a favorable eason for Arctic navigation.

The Governor informed us that the English expedition had sailed from here on the 23st of July, having only topped one day to get a number of dogs. It was blowing and raining hard all the time we were here, giving promise of a southwest gale, and Captain Young, anxious to get out to sea again, declined Governor's repeated invitations to go e. We therefore, after getting two more dogs, which were sent off to us, put to sea again, having stopped only two hours, and all we saw of Upernavik was passing glimpses through the driving rain. There are four little houses, perched on a round knoll, behind which rose some mountains that appeared to be covered with a thin carpet of grass or moss, situated on one of a number of little islands which hem it in on all sides and make Its access somewhat difficult without a pilot. It is a dangerous harbor with a northwest gale blowing, as it is not sufficiently protected from that side, and the Juniata, when feeling her way in, had to drop anchor in eighty-five fathoms of water to avoid running on a rock. Whether she ever got it up again is not stated.

Upernavik was the last Danish station at which we expected to touch, and we had now seen our last of vilization until we should return. We still hoped to have one more chance of sending letters by some whaler we would probably meet in Lancaster Sound, out this hope was a faint one, as the whaling ships usually leave there about the 1st of August and we were now at the 13th,

We stood out to sea far enough to be well clear of the land and then continued our course to the north under steam and sail, with foggy, cloudy weather and light variable winds, mostly from the south. The next morning the fog and mist cleared away, it turned out a beautiful day, and we found we were just off the great glacier which at this part

of the coast, latitude 74 deg., comes down to the sea. It is a great inclined plane, seventy or eighty miles ong, and extends back to the interior in a smooth, icy mingles high up with the sky two or three hundred miles inland. It was of a bright, pale, transparent yellow, like silver slightly washed with gold, and it was immensely grand and beautiful as it lay shining in the morning sunlight a world of luminous ice. We were forty miles out to sea, and its foot, which presents a perpendicular wall of ice rising between one and two below the horizon, but we were all the better enabled to form an idea of the grandeur of the immense glacier of Greenland, large enough to contain within it nearly the whole of civilized Europe; for, immense as was the mountain of ice that we now beheld, we knew it was nothing but a small corner of the great lone, silent, dreary world of ice beyond.

ENTERING MELVILLE BAY. And now we enter Melville Bay, in the northeast corner of Baffin Bay, much dreaded of whalers, and a place of anxious expectations for Arctic explorers; for it is the place on the great highway to the north where the ice breaks up last. Baffin Bay itself never gets quite clear of ice, as it is continually filled by that which comes down from Smith Sound, Jones Sound, Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait and Pond Bay. All this ice moving down the middle of the great sea of Baffin keeps it filled up, leaving, however, a passage along the eastern and western shore, which in July is barely practicable for ships, but which in August and September gradually widens, until it is often 100 to 200 miles, as the last of the ice moves slowly down the middle. But, again, it sometimes happens that Melville Bay never gets free, and it is often only toward the end of August that ships can get through. The Fox was caught here about the middle of August, was carried down Baffin Bay and Davis Strait, only finally getting free the following July, having thus lost a year without accomplishing anything toward the task she had undertaken. The ice in Melville Bay is, therefore, so uncertain that it is a place of ill-repute, and navigators always enter it with anxious forebodings and the

utinost caution.
THE BAY CLEAR OF ICE. Strange to tell we had as yet seen comparatively little ice. With the exception of a few giant icebergs here and there, some aground, some drifting, and which rarely form any impediment to navigation, we had seen absolutely no ice since leaving Waigat Strait. It was in about this latitude that the Fox was so unfortunately beset, and yet here where there was a vast sea full of floating ice, there was scarcely a speck to be seen. As we had predicted, the winds blowing continually from the north had already cleared out Melville Bay, and glass, over which the ship glided along as gently as

though she had been on some little river. The days of the 15th and 16th were beautiful in the extreme, and I thought there could be nothing more delightful than pavigating these still northern waters when they are clear of ice. Up to this time we had had very little sport in the way of shooting, as we had seen no seals since we left the Spitzbergen ice near Cape Farewell, and in truth they are rarely seen far away from the ice.
A BEAR HUNT.

Here, however, one evening Joe came running aft with a broad grin on his face to get a gun, saying there was a bear swimming near the ship. Everybody made a rush for the guns, and in a moment a lively fire was opened on Mr. Bruin, who, however, swam off under this shower of bullets unbarmed. In the meantime the Captain and Mr. Lillingston had lowered a boat and started after him. It proved to be a close race, for the bear swam with a speed I had little suspected, looking around at his pursuers now and then and redoubling his exertions when he saw they were gaining upon him. I pitied the poor brute with all my heart, for he had not, of course, the ghost of a chance, and he swam hard for his life. Soon the boat had approached within ten feet of him. Then there were two shots, and he suddenly stopped swimming and lay lifeless on the water, shot through the head. It was certainly not very good sport, as the poor brute could in the water neither get away nor fight; but the truth is we were

out of seal and needed him as a change from sait meat. This bear betokened the presence of ice, as they never go very far away from it: and, sure enough, about ten o'clock at night, when the sun was still an hour and a half above the horizon, we suddenly came upon it. It was however not very formidable as it was only in thin, loose floes, that offered little resistance to the sharp prow of the Pandora. As often hap pens, however, when getting among the ice, we were fog, which prevented our making much progress as long as it lasted, and we did little during the night. The thermometer went down five degrees, from 37 deg. to 32 deg., the freezing point,

in less than an hour. When the fog cleared away, which it did very early in the morning, we found we were off Cape York, the northwest extremity of Melville Bay, with a stream of ice before us that looked suspiciously like a pack. We oon made out from the masthead, however, that it was only a tongue or point, that extended a few miles south from Cape York, and which, in truth, usually keeps its hold on the land until very late in the sun mer. Standing south along its edge for half an hour we found, not a lead, but a place where it seemed less compact; and, as we could see the open water shining beyond at the distance of three or four miles Captain Young pushed into it without hesitation, and the Pandora was soon engaged in crushing her way through the loose, rotten floes that obstructed but were powerless to completely bar the way.

SCENE PROM THE PORKTOP. 'How pleasant it is to climb to the foretop in the sharp, bracing sunny air and look down over the forechains and watch the ship's head as she threads her way industriously through the floating ice field, now pushing laboriously through the soft "posh" ice, that seems to hang on her and clog her with its dead, passive, stubborn resistance; then knowingly making for a short lead of open water, that sometimes offers a narrow but unobstructed passage; now darting suddenly to the right to turn some heavy floe that doggedly bars the way; again veering to the left to get into a little open lake that invitingly offers itself; and sometimes, when it is impossible to avoid the ice, dashing bravely at it full speed like a knight in armor, her long, sharp jibboom seeming to pierce it like a lance and overthrow it, as it breaks up and tumbles aside in great, massive pieces-pushing, twisting, butting, squeezing, elbowing, wriggling herself through like a live and reasonable being. The fat "burgomaster gulls" or 'mollymawks' of the sailors come sailing around, above, beneath, in great airy circles, as you sit on your lotty perch, and down deep in the clear cold water the eye can follow the little auks that always dive at the ties south, which had, however, never lasted long. The approach of the ship, and watch them as they fly down

deep beneath the surface with lowered nead and outstretched neck, as easily as though they were swimming in the upper air. Is not this better than even a life of fuxurious case in the dusty, sweltering cities of

In an hour we were clear of the ice and out in the open water beyond the "north water" of Baffin Bay. From here our course lay a little south of west to Lan caster Sound, which forms the only practicable en trance to that labyrinth of straits, sounds, bays, inlets and islands on the north coast of the American nent. But the Pandora's head still pointed toward the north, and all that day and the next, until six in th evening, she kept steadily ploughing the waters northward against a strong head wind and sea, on the track followed by all the exploring expeditions in search of the Pole. This was the route followed by Kane, by Hayes, by Hail, and last by the English expedition of the present year. On the evening of the 18th of Angust we were at the Carey Islands, in latitude 76 deg., 100 miles north of Cape York and 100 south of Littleton Island, where that part of the Polaris' crew, under Captain Buddington, passed their second winter. We had come thus far out of our course to get news of

the English expedition. LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN NARES' LETTERS Captain Nares had left a letter at Disco for Captain Young, stating that he intended to touch at the Carey Islands and leave there despatches for the Admiralty The northwest island of the group was the one he had fixed on, and to we accordingly steered, in the teeth of strong breeze from the north, which made it a somewhat difficult job to approach. At length the ship was hove to off the south side of the island, which rose in a high, irregular mass of stones and rock, bare and desolate, to the height of 700 feet above the water. Although we were two or three miles out to sea we could perceive on the top a cairn, which Nares that we were in search of. A boat was lowered, and Captain Young, with Mr. Lillingston Beynen, myself and four or five sailors, put off, taking two casks full of letters for the Alert and Discovery, which we had brought from England and proposed to leave here, as arranged with Captain Nares. Hoisting a sail, our sharp, light little shell of a whaleboat shot through the water like an arrow, and we were soon on a rocky beach in a little bay, where we had some difficulty in landing. We found ourselves at the mouth of a kind of valley covered many feet deep with large bowlders and stones, worn round and smooth by grinding against each other as they are gradually forced down into the sea Beneath could be heard the rushing of a little river formed by melting stones and rock, haped up in a steep, ragged slope as though the Island was one monstrous cairn built by

The ascent to the cairn proved to be a somewhat long and difficult one. It was easy to break one's legs scrambling over the round, smooth bowlders that cov ered the little vailey, and easier still to break your neck climbing up the steep mountain side on a ladder made of loose, sharp, broken, jagged stones, that threatened at every moment to start down in an avalanche and carry you with them to the bottom. We at last succeeded in reaching the top, when we found not one, but two, cairns within a few yards of each other. But, strangely enough, neither of these cairns proved to be the one we were in search of, although this was the exact spot Captain Nares had indicated,

We searched the ground thoroughly, not only twenty feet magnetic north from each, as had been agreed upon, but in every direction, without discerning a trace of the expedition. This was a grievous disappointment. We had lost two days, a fair wind and several tons of coal to reach here, and had found nothing. Had we profited by the wind against which we had been steaming for the last two days, we might have been almost through Lancaster Sound by this, if not stopped by the ice, to say nothing of the useless expenditure of coal, to us the most precious of minerals. We concluded that Captain Nares had not been able to land when passing here, owing either to fog or ice, or perhaps a gale, and we reluctantly gave up the search. The two cairns proved to have been built by a whaler who had been here in 1867, as we learned from a paper he had left in a bettle hid away in the cairn. SOME RARE OLD RUM.

He had also left a half pint of rum, which, having undergone eight successive freezings and thawings, had become as rich and mild as some fine old Rhine wine, and we drank the whaling captain's health. On the extreme northwest point of the island we de-

scried another cairn down close to the water's edge, about three miles distant, and Mr. Bevnen volunteered to go and examine it also. It took him quite two hours to go and return, while in the meantime the wind on the top of the mountain was blowing a hurricane from the north, which chilled us to the marrow of our bones. We ouilt up a wing to one of the cairns to break the force of the wind, and crouched behind it, Captain Young writing a letter to be left here for Captain Nares in case he should send a boat down this far next summer, informing him where he would find the two casks

Far below us we could see the Pandora, looking as small as a seaguil, in the great dark ocean of water that rose to the horizon far beyond. To the north the coast of Greenland, stretching away for miles and miles until it was lost in a line of purple haze that mingled with sea and sky, almost at Littleton Island, at the entrance of Smith Sound. And as far as we could see there was not a speck of ice; that far, at least, the way to the Pole was as clear of ice as the Mediterranean.

The English expedition must have passed up here nearly three weeks previously, unless detained in Mel. ville Bay; but I doubt their having got much farther

than Littleton Island at this time. SMITH SOUND. Smith Sound is rarely open before the latter part of August; but as it was through that Captain Nares intended to not the Discovery into winter quarters, somewhere near Littleton Island, he would, of course, endeavor to reach there as early as possible. But it is not probable that he would start up Smith Sound much before the 1st of September. It been the mistake of all the Arctic navigators who have attempted to reach the Pole by this route that they have started too early in the sea son. Where Kane and Haves found in Smith Sound an impenetrable barrier of ice drifting south, Hall found two weeks later open water, and the probability is that, had he been ten days later, he would have found Robe son Channel as clear as Smith Sound. The disadvantage of starting too early is that the ice will be met drifting down before the northerly winds that usually prevail here, and the navigator is obliged to either but about and run before it, thus losing all the ground he has gained, or to take shelter in some little harbor along the coast. If he adopts the first course has gained nothing by his early start, and besides has incurred the danger of getting beset in this moving pack and held until the season is past. If he adopts the second course he will be almost immediately frozen in by the ice which, even in August, often commences forming in sheltered bays and inlets, where it is undisturbed by the wind, when the channel a short distance from the land is quite clear and open. It would appear from the evidence of the officers of the Polaris that not only Robeson Channel, but the water to the north into which it gives entrance, was open until late in the winter; and it is pretty tain that had the Polaris been a few days later she would not have encountered the barrier which stopped her on the 31st of August-It would even appear, according to the evidence of Chester, Tyson and Meyers that on the 4th of Sep. tember, when the Polaris went into winter quarters. Robeson Channel was nearly clear of bee, and would have allowed the passing of the ship into the open water beyond had Captain Buddington been disposed to attempt it. The English expedition will reap all the benefit of Hall's experience, and as the season, owing to the long succession of northern winds which have blown during the whole summer, appears to be even a more lavorable one than Hall had, there is little doubt that Captain Nares will take his ship to as high a latitude as it will ever be possible for a ship to attain.

the snip with a breeze that turned into a gale as soon the snip with a breeze that turned into a gale as soon as we got out of the lee of the island.

The Carcy Islands was the highest latitude we reached, seventy six degrees, and this was the only time we saw the midnight sun. His lower I inb barely touched the horizon, and then instantly commenced mounting again, rolling in a wide, low curve along the surface of the sea. The next evening we were so far south again that he set twenty minutes before tweive, and we saw him no more at midnight.

COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE VOYAGE.

(From the Illustrated London News, Oct. 23.) The Admiralty have published the following de-

spatch:

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP ALERT, AT CARRY ISLANDS, }
July 27—3 A. M. }

Alert and Discovery arrived here at midnight, and will leave at six A. M. for Smith Sound, after depositing a depot of provisions and a boat.

We left Upernavik on the evening of the 22d inst., and Brown Islands on the evening of the 23d. Passing through the middle ice during a calm, without a check, we arrived at Cape York on the 25th inst. The season is a very open one, and we have every prospect of attaining a high latitude.

All are well on board each ship.

G. S. NARES, Captain R. N., in command of Expedition.

and of Expedition. THE CRUISE OF THE PANDORA. Through the courtesy of Mr. Bennett we are enabled to give the following account of the cruise of the Pan-

The Panders, commanded by Captain Allen Young, Lieutenant Lallingston, R. N., second, touched Ivigut, in South Greenland, on July 30, having passed Spitzbergen ice, off Cape Farewell, in a strong wind, without accident. Proceeding close to the coast we had views of magnificent accency, which were sketched by our artist. Reached Disco on August 7.

THE PASSAGE OF MELVILLE HAY. We make the following extract from Captain Young's

journal regarding the passage of Melville Bay :-We continued through the night under canvas, and next morning, after leaving Upernavik, could just distinguish Horse's Head through the fog, whence flocks of ioons continually crossed us in their night to the westward, from which I inferred that the middle ice was not far in that direction. Passing through a long chain of icebergs lying aground north and south, we arrived, in the afternoon, at the Duck Islands, On the 15th rived, in the afternoon, at the Duck Islands, On the 15th we were deserted by every living thing. It was foggy during the night, with occasional show showers, but at nine A. M. we had a beautiful break in the sky, and the great glader was before us, with Capes Seddon, Lewis and Wafker in sight, and here and there a few techengs, but not a piece of floe ice. A boat was sent away to collect we were quite out of that necessary element. We had a giorious night, with a clear, brilliant sky, and a temperature of 35 deg. We seem rather to be on the Atlantic on a fine autumn eventing, and could scarce believe we were in the innich-dreaded Merville Bay. It is astonishing how great is the uncertainty of navigation in the Arctic seas. It was near our present position that at this time of August, 1857, we were, in the Fox, so hampered by ne and finally beset for the winter's drift in the pack; now we have a clear sea and are steering direct for Cape York without having had even a distant view of the middle ice. We saw nothing here save an occasional fulmar petrel; not a bird, nor seal, nor whale, nor any other living thing, and the contrast between this iceless sea and brilliant sun and the absence of all animal life was most striking. We passed through a quantity of some broken up ice off Cape York and some enormous icebergs; but a dense fog, which prevented our seeing any distance toward shore, made it impossible to communicate with the natives, as I had intended doing. The temperature fell to 28 degrees, the rigging was covered with frost and ke crystals rapidly formed among the loose ice. And now came the anxious and critical period of the voyage. Former explorers had found the pack on the south side of Barrow Strait blocking the entrance to Peel Strait, into which no ship had been able to penetrate. Would it be possible for us even to enter this strait, this throat of the Northwest Passage, or should we be obliged to turn back at its very entrance?

even to enter this strait, this throat of the Northwest Passage, or should we be obliged to turn back at its very entrance?

It soon appeared that we were to form no exception, for on the morning of August 27 the inevitable fog which so constantly accompanies ice arose, and our progress was suddenly stopped by the heavy pack extending across our course. We anchored to the ice until the tog lifted, which was at two, when we were enabled to force our way through the loose ice until night. Then we came to a solid pack, extending from Cape Rennel to the west northwest as far as could be seen from aloft, with a bright toy alley from the south to the northwest. We were again forced to anchor to the ice, taking advantage of the opportunity to fill up with fresh water. By ten on the following morning we discovered a small lane of water along the southern shore, through which we forced the ship, and which apparently led to Limestone Island. A change now occurred in the weather. This morning it was freezing hard, with a temperature of 27 degrees, our rigging being completely covered with rime. Now dark clouds arose in the south, the barometer began to fall and the wind to rise in gusty blasts from the southeast. We at last succeeded in forcing our way through to Limestone Island, where we landed and left a record. We passed inside of Limestone Island where we handed and left a record. We passed inside of Limestone Island where we handed and left a record we have a subject to the south of the subject of the We could only grope along in the gloom, are a came man, steering by the wind, which might change at any moment and 1 it us ashore, and an occasional ghostly gleam of the 1 antifig pack. We nevertheless got through the night without accident, but it was three before we could see that we were off Cape Granite and steering a fair course along the land. Early in the forenoon we passed the furthest point reached by the Fox when stopped by the pack before returning to Re-gent Inlet, and here there was not a particle of ice to be seen to the south in the direction we were going. gent inlet, and here there was not a particle be seen to the south in the direction we were going.

WHERE NO SHIP HAD EVER HEEN.

We were now navigating waters where no ship had ver been able to penetrate before, unless, indeed, the the Northwest rassage, the dream of mangators to centuries. The wind now came round to the southwest; but as yet we had no sun to guide us or emble us to take angles or directions, so we followed close along the Somerset coast line. We seem to be arriving into quite another climate, for we are in an iceless sea, and the cold sting has left the air. The land was quite bare of snow, except where we got a glimpse of the high-lands of the interior, on which can be perceived patches of snow. In the atternoon we passed a rookery of guils, secure in their lonely isolation on the face of the rocks, at a place where the vegetation formed an extensive green patch down to high wafer mark. We keep a good lookout on the shore with a powerful astronomical telescope; and carms are constantly reported, but they prove, upon inspection, to be huge granite bowlders, with which this coast, and especially the, ridges, are strewn. At sx in the evening we reached Ross' cairn, on the coast of Somerset, leit by him and McClintock in 1849, when they came round the coast from Port Leopold on foot in search of Sir John Fiankin. After divine service Captain Young landed, found the record left by Ross, took it, and left a copy and another record of his own. Again that night we were enveloped by fog and obliged to heave to and wait until morning brought, clear atmosphere. Once more the sun came out clear and bright as we again flew down the Sound, rapidly diminishing the distance to Beliot Strait. It was one of the loveliest days I ever saw, rather like what one would expect on some sunny sonthern sea than on this grins unknown Peel Strait. Its waters were as smooth as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun in a long flash of dazzing light that binded the eyes; the air was as soft and mild as a May morning. On the cast the low shore of North Somerset, a mass of bewiders and granite rocks, warn round and smooth and heaped up in wild confusion; to the west the distant coast of the Prince of Waies Land, high and mountainous, entolded in purpl centuries. The wind now came round to the south-west; but as yet we had no sun to guide us or enable and heaped up in wild confusion; to the west the distant coast of the Prince of Wales Land, high and mountainous, entolded in purple mist, lay silent, caim and beautiful in the golden light of an Arctic evening. We were now rapidly approaching Bellet Strait, and Capmin Young was between coasts well known to him from having explored them on foot and laid them down on charts during that wonderful sledge journey of his when out in the Fox. At length, low down on the horizon, we sighted Requette Island, ten miles north of Bellot Strait and right before us. Sure, we think we shall reach the strait of poor fieliot, though we get no tarther. Some of us even calculate that we shall be there by six, and animated are the discussions and excited our expectations as we gaze that we shall be there by six, and animated are the dis-cussions and excited our expectations as we gaze eagerly south. The skipper is reserved and tactium, however, and does not hazard an opinion, for there is a whitish glare on the horizon above and beyond Requette Island, which to him has an om-inous look. It is the dreaded ice blink, and as we advance it grows broader and higher, until at last white masses of ice begin to rise above the horizon. At four o'clock on the even-ing of Acgust 15 we are at Requette Island and at the edge of an impenetrable neck which extends right

then wintered in the east end of Bellot Strait, before breaking down altogether. There was a solitary teabers, distant about ten miles, imbedded in the pack, for which it was difficult to account, as it was certainly foreign to these straits and must have either driven down from Barrow Strait or through McClintock Channel from the northwest. This berg is important as bearing on the movements of the ice. For three days we went continually back and forward, avoiding the loose drift ice, which more than once showed a disposition to jam us against the pack. On September 3 there came a change, which was, however, anything but favorable. The ice, under the Impulsion of a southerly wind, commenced moving north, and it soon began to creep up each shore, as if to cut off our retreat. It now became necessary to consider what we were to do, and whether we were to prepare to winter, for if we lingared much longer it would not remain in our power to choose. There was still a chance that the ice might break up if we waited and let us through, although that now seemed scarcely probable, as the spring tides had passed. But if it did not we should be inevitably caught in a place where there could be no possible object in wintering, as we were still too far from King William Land to altempt reaching it this semmer, and a spring and winter search could not be expected to produce any further results after the journey of McClintock and Hobson. Captain Young went ashore again on Roquette Island to have one more look at the prospect, but there was no change for the better. Away to the southeast, on the shore of Somerset, we could see the huge towering perpendicular chilfs of rock which form the mouster gateway to Bellot Strait, and beyond the coasts of Boothia Felix, trending away to the south. then wintered in the east end of Bellot Strait, before breaking down altogether. There was a solitary ice-berg, distant about ten miles, imbedded in the pack, for which it was eifficult to account, as it was certainly force ign to these straits and must have either driven down from Barrow Strait or through McChintock Channel from the northwest. This berg is important as bearing on the movements of the ice. For three days we went continually back and forward, avoiding the loose drift continually back and forward, avoiding the loose drift ice, which more than once showed a disposition to jam us against the pack. On Sentember 3 there the mouster gateway to Bellot Strait, and beyond the coasts of Boothia Felix, trending away to the south. To the southwest a high promontory, just on the horizon and southeastern extremity of the Prince of Wales Land, and all between this and Boothia, in the direction of King William Land, was an unbroken plain of rugged, hummocky ice, it was with sad hearts we took a look south over this ghostly plain, against whose dead, heavy, silent inertia all our high hopes, all our flery enthusiasm, all our rose-colored expectations broke in melancholy gloom. We were only 120 miles from King

against whose dead, heavy, shell inertia all our fore-colored expectations broke in melancholy gloom. We were only 120 miles from King William Land. We almost imagined we could see it; and if we could get there we think we are safe to make the Northwest Passage. This pack is probably not more than fitty miles wide; and of the 6,000 miles between Southampton and San Francisco there was only this one little obstacle—this mere curtain, as it were—to stop us. But this was as effectual a barrier to a ship as fifty miles of granite.

No BOPS OF WINTERING.

Reductantly Captain Young stecided to turn his ship's head again to the north. There could be no possible use in wintering here; it would be far better to return to England, and come back next year with a crew fresh and healthy to try it again; and this is what he decided to do. We built a cairn on the island, left a record, and returned to the ship. The ice had now already crept up both shores, as though trying to surprise and cut us off, and other ice came drifting down from the north. The berg we had at first observed, ten miles off, was slowly coming toward Roquette Island as the pack moved north. There was a channel in the middle of the strait still open, and through this we hastily made our escape. The race through and out of Peel Strait in a heavy gale, with show and sleet, proved to be a slow one. Ice following from the south, and also coming down from the north next day, we were nearly jamined between them. Just off Cape Rennel the fog litted one morning and we found a high rocky coast on the starboard, two or three cables length off, while the pack on the port beam scarcely allowed room to put the ship about. We succeeded, and were driven back into Peel Strait. Ice was rapidly closing the outlet, and young lice was forming on the waves like oil, and rising and falling without breaking. At last we found a "lead," closed at the further end by a broad neck of ice. This we charged and got through, and finally made our escape, getting through Lancaster Sound w

escape, getting through Lancaster Sound without an accident.

Captain Young then decided to try again to find traces of the English expedition by thoroughly searching the Carey islands; and, if nothing was found there, to go as far north as Lyttelton, as we thought it would be unsatisfactory, and that the public would be very uncasy, if no news had been left. We reached Northeast Island on September 11, and were gladdened with the sight of a cairn. The island was covered with snow, and a turious snowstorm blowing before we got away. Upon landing and examining the cairn we found Captain Nares' record, addressed to the Admiralty, from which it appeared that the expedition was all well, having salely crossed Melville Bay and gone up Smith Sound, with every prospect of a favorable season—one of the most favorable, perhaps, ever recorded.

We reached Disco on September 20 and left there on the 24th, passing Cape Farewell on October 2, and running to the Channel before a terrible northwest gale—the worst, Captain Young sal, he ever saw,

EXTRACT FROM CAPTAIN YOUNG'S DIARY.

EXTRACT PRON CAPTAIN YOUNG'S DIARY.

The following is an extract from Captain Young's

The following is an extract from Captain Young's journal:—

PREL STRAIT, Sept. 1.

We are in a deep bight in the ice. All southward one unbroken pack across from side to side. Fitzroy Inlet full. Beliot Strait packed close. The spring tides have passed away, and there is no hope of getting further south this season, for the winter has already set in with the usual accompaniment of gales, siect and snow, and the new ice is rapidly forming on the waters. I am very loth to turn back, and am struggling on against hope, if even to reach Beliot Strait, where we could hold on in comparative security longer than we could possibly do here. To remain in our present position in Peel Strait is out of the question, as well as purposeless. We are hourly in danger of being beset, and, once beset, are imprisoned for the winter, without a harbor, and in a position which would leave us powerless to accomplish anything. From this position we could merely follow by sledging in the spring the footsteps of that veteran explorer McClintock to King William Land, under the same conditions, without hope of further result, and in that case we should run the risk of the ship not being released next summer, and a consequent autumn return, probably ending our hitherto successful voyage in disaster.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing my

In disaster.

I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to my officers and crew, who, at this critical period of the voyage, were only too anxious to push forward, and shared equally with myself their disappointment at the sudden arrest of our progress and this crusher to all our hopes of making the Northwest Pas-

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

We are running back under reefed sails out of Peel Strait. The temperature is 26 deg., with squalls and snow. We stop to sound occasionally the unexplored depths of this sea, on which no ship has ever been passing around Limestone Island, the temperature laining to 24 deg. As we approached an enormous pack which lay close to us on our port hand, and threatened completely to cut off our retreat, I could just see at intervals between the snow storms a small thread of water, perhaps half a mile wide, and I determined to run a race against time with the pack and try to pass Cape Rennel before it impinged completely on the land by the action of the complete of the land by the action of the storms a small thread of water, perhaps half a mile wide, and I determined to run a race against time with the pack and try to pass Cape Rennel before it impinged completely on the land by the action of the northwest gale that was blowing. It was, m fact, our only chance of getting out of the strait, for had we hesatated or stood back to the southwest we ahould certainly have been shut in for the winter; so we pressed on with the fast increasing darkness and gloom of the coming winter night, it was a dreatful night; the wind increased to a violent gale, with hail and sleet and blinding drifts, and we threaded our way in the dark, she white glare of the pack on one hand, the glean of the snow-clad land on the other being our only guide. Once only during the night a solitary star shone out for half an hour, giving the helmsman a point for the direction of the ship. As the wind increased, the temperature fell to 18 dg. Fahrenheit, and the spray froze over the ship as it fell, and by midnight our decks were full of snow, which whirled up in hlinding drifts from the eddy winds out of the sails. We could from time to time judge our progress along the coast by the excellent description of Ross and McClintock in their spring journey. Thus, at ten P. M., we passed the deep gorge which separates the limestone from the red sandatone formation—a curious geological feature of the coast. By midnight we were off cunningham finet, and by three A. M. we were just in the position I had so long dreaded. The leep pack had already impinged on Cape Rennel, leaving not the slightest passage, and our progress in this direction was stopped. Suddenly a snowstorm that had been beating down upon us for the whole night abated and disclosed the high, precipitous cliffs hanging mimediately over us, presenting a most ghostly appearance, the horizontal strata scening like the huge bars of some gligantic ron cage and standing out from the snow face. In fact, it was the skeleton of a cliff, and we appeared to be in its very grasp. For a formal o

We have just passed through a gale with the temperature down to 28 deg., and we were iced over all, for the heavy seas beat upon us and froze as they fell apon our sides and decks, and the Pandora became one huge leicle. Anchors, shrouds, and rigging were one solid mass. It became a serious question how long we could have manceuvred ship had not the gale absted. We had run out of Lancaster Sound beating up to the Carey Isles, where I determined to make a further effort to find some record of the Alert and the Discovery by searching every island of the group in detail, and, taiting in that, at all hazards to make a dash for hyttelton Island, feeling how anxious the friends of the expedition would be to hear news of their passage through the dangers of Melville Bay. In this I was fully supported by all my officers, who appreciated the importance of obtaining some tidings of the expedition. We reached the Carey Islands on September 10, beating up all the way against a strong northerly wind, and finally reaching the group in the midst of a violent snowstorm. The sea here, and as far as gould be observed to the north, where the action of the wind was felt, was quite clear of ice, and although ice was still rapidly forming in still water I think I could have been able to reach as far onth as Lytetion Island. This time we heved to off the southeast island, on the top of which we perceived a curre. The island, instead of presenting a view of bare stones, was now covered with a white mantle of snow, which had completely changed its appearance. It was some 700 feet or 800 feet high and very steep; but the snow served as a means of ascentin a place where otherwise it would have been impossible to get up. Leutenants Lidlingston and Beynan went ashore, and or half an hour we watched them climbing up the steep face of the mountain. At last these reached the carry, where they remained only a Robeson Channel was nearly clear of ice, and would have allowed the passing of the ship into the open water beyond had Captain Buddington been disposed to attempt it. The English expedition will reap all the benefit of Hall's experience, and as the season, owing to the long succession of northern winds which have blown during the whole rumen winds which have blown during the whole rumen to the more form the feet to twenty feet the covered with little and hummocka, jammed close together, and as boileds rock.

\*\*As anorther starch.\*\*

At length Mr. Beynen returned, his search having proved a bootless one, and we prepared to descend to our beat, glad to escape the biling wind and the dreary desoistion of the lonely, barren, shivering sie. What a weird barren, desoid, stony pine it was "The peak on which we stood was 700 feet allowed the water, and we could see nearly all over the sland, which was, perhaps, three or four miles in diameter, and resembled a hunge heap of stones covered her and there with show. There was no sign of life to be seen, nor beast nor birth nor insect; silent and lonely and desoitate it stood there in the cold pale light of the might will keep some old battered, weather beaten, or or beaten for light with and vanished world.

We left the two barrels of letters on a little knoth of the signal, built a cairn to mark the spot, which could be easily soon from the sea, and not off to wind the letting of the light of the might will like some old battered, weather beaten, or or beaten of the line while some old battered, weather beaten, or or beaten of the light of the might will be sounded to be a seen, nor beats nor birth nor insect; silent and lonely and design the bay where we handed, on the south and the light of the might will be sounded to be a seen of the seen of th

the Atlantic, the ship being battened down for five days, and reached Portsmouth on the 16th.

The Pandora touched at Somersot, where Sir James Ross and McClintock erected a cairn in 1849. Captain Allen Young went ashore and succeeded in finding Ross' record, which he brought away with him, leaving a notice of his own visit in its place. The following is the copy of the record:—'June 7, 1842.—The cylinder which contains this paper was left here by a party detached from Her Majesty's ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of Captain Sir James C. Ross, R. N., in search of the expedition of Sir John Franklin, and to inform any of his party that may find it that those ships, having wintered off Port Leopoid, have formed a depot of provisions for the use of Sir John Franklin's party, sufficient for six months. The party are now about to return to the ships, which as early as possible in the apring with push forward to Meiville Island and search the north coast of Barrow's Straits, and, failing to meet the party they are seeking, will touch at Port Leopoid on their way back and then return to Enviand before the winter shall set in.—James C. Ross, Captain." This simple paper, given as the record of a mere visit to the spot, really shows what a remarkable journey Ross and McClintock made when they travelled on foot from Port Leopoid around this unknown coast in days whes sledge travelling was in its infancy. It also shows how strange are the chances of Arctic navigation, for Ross was in the exact track of the Erebus and Terror and but one season in arrear of Franklin's party, having abandoned their ships, and Ross' impression must have but one season in arrear of Franklin's party, having abandoned their ships; and Ross' impression must have been strongly against the probability of Franklin hav-ing passed down these straits, otherwise he would have expressed his intention to follow this route with his ships the ensuing summer rather than the north shore of Barrow's Straits.

#### STANLEY.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER-THE WORK DONE HIS ONLY RE-WARD -A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF PRIVATE EN-TERPRISE.

[From the Illustrated London News, Oct. 23.1 The readers of the Illustrated London News, we are sure, will not take us to task, even in their thoughts, for deviating this week from the broad highways of political intelligence, studded as they are with topics of public interest, that we may call their attention for a moment to tidings which have happily emerged from the depths of Equatorial Africa, setting forth what has been already achieved, and what it is hoped may still be achieved, by Mr. Stanley, the gallant explorer sent forth by the Daily Telegraph and the New York Herald. Two letters published in the first mentioned journal from the hand of the illustrious traveller be speak the interest not only of the scientific, but of the civilized world. We shall be pardoned for yielding to the temptation unexpectedly addressed to us to select the Stanley letters for observation, even though the visit of the Emperor of Germany to Italy, the important speeches of M. Thiers and M. Rouher on the affairs of France and the satisfactory diplomatic settlement of the difference between England and China must, as a natural consequence, remain unnoticed.

We presume that Mr. Stanley, the commissioner who represents the proprietors of the English and American journals already mentioned, is sufficiently well known as the intrepid African explorer who discovered Dr. Livingstone when he was pretty well given up for lost Livingstone when he was pretty well given up for lost. There were some scientific men—not many we hope—who for a short time suspected the authenticity of Mr. Stanley's communications on that occasion. They will, no doubt, be among the first to welcome with high appreciation his present letters. He has proved himself to be a worthy successor of the great African explorer. In many respects he resembles him. In courage, in endurance, in energetic prosecution of the mission which he has undertaken, in knowledge of men, in dependence upon God, be has disclosed very nucli of the same type of character which distinguished his renowned predecessor. It is, perhaps, one of the rarest characters which men are wont to exhibit to their fellow men. It demands a degree of self-abnegation which very few are found ready to give. It develops its highest attributes out of sight.

Work pork the only unward.

It finds its chief reward in the work which it does. It foregoes for the sake of a luture, and, after all, a contingent, public advantage, all the blessings of civilization. It encounters daily dangers, where there is no eye to mark its bravery, and submits cheerfully to innumerable privations. Sense of duty is its highest law. Hope of rendering benefit to mankind is its strongest stimulus. The absorption of selfish motives in the work proposed to be accomplished is one of the main elements of its eventual success. If any men lay their contemporaries or their posterity under obtigations that cannot be adequately discharged, such men as Mr. Stanley do so.

The irrelations. There were some scientific men-not many we hope-

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men as Mr. Stanley do so.

The first letter of Mr. Stanley describes with at much brevity as the subject would admit of his progress from his starting point to the take Victoria Niyanza. We purposely omit names of places because, unknown and uncouth as they are, they would only in such a slight reference as this, distract attention. The traveller very soon quitted that region of equatorial Africa traversed by his predeces-ors. His little band, consisting of 300 unives, soldiers and porters, forced their way over a forest upland for 720 unles in the course of 103 days. Creeping with laborious effort through the jurgle, exposed to the depressing influence of the stiffing atmosphere, encountering at almost every station the ill will of the natives, sometimes nearly starved, sometimes forced to fight for their lives, always, however, patient of evil and relying far more upon conciliatory methods than upon the force under his command, Mr. Stanley reached at last the coast of the great lake. There, putting together and launching his little vessel, the Lady Alice, carried in sections from the beginning to the end of his land journey, he camped his followers, reduced by sickness, fatique and ing his little vessel, the Lady Alice, carried in sections from the beginning to the end of his land journey, he camped his followers, reduced by sickness, fatigue and fighting to 166, and embarked for the circumavigation of the Victoria Niyanza, which he found to be an inland sea of rhomboidal outline, about 230 miles long by 186 broad. From his southern starting point he skirted the coast eastward and northward to the top of the lake, went right round the north shore, down the western coast and across the mouth of the Kangera River and the southwest corner of the lake to the point from which he started. He has sent home a map of what he saw, with notes and descriptions, from which scientific geographers at home can deduce trustworthy geographical conclusions. We need hardly say that he has made an immense addition to our previous stock of exact knowledge in regard to Equatornal Africa.

AN EXAMPLE TO BE FOLLOWER.

exact knowledge in regard to Equatorial Africa.

An Example To six FOLLOWER.

The worth of this knowledge we shall not here attempt to discuss. In what several ways it may bear upon the social and moral welfare of the natives of that largely unexplored region of the earth we need not speculate. There will come a time, no doubt, who wild the several welfare of the carth we need not speculate. There will come a time, no doubt, who are the wilderness will blossom as the rose; and porhaps, long before the advent of that future, the name and memory of Standay associated with those of Livhaps, long before the advent of that future, the name and memory of Stanley, associated with those of Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Baker, and other gallant and successful explorers, will have secured undying reverence. This is, however, one feature of Mr. Stanley's expedition which is specially noteworthy. He is the representative of two journals with which the world it well acquanted. Their enterprise planned his mission. Their liberality has formished him abundantly with the means of fulfilling it, and it is through their columns that his success hitherto has been made known to the world. The public spirit which conceived and the beneficence which has contributed to the realization of this great undertaking demand—and, we trust, will receive—gradeful recognition. A new way of employing private means for humanitarian ends—and, we may add, a most trutful way—has thus been initiated. May the example find many imitators!

## RIOTOUS STUDENTS.

ARREST OF TEN STUDENTS OF HANOVER COL-LEGE-AN ASSAULT UPON A BOOKSTORE-WINDOWS BEOKEN AND FURNITURE DAM-AGED-THE COMPLAINANT LOCKED UP BY THE STUDENTS.
PLYMOUTH, N. H., Nov. 5, 1875.

There was quite an excitement at Hanover College this morning, caused by the arrest of ten or twelve of the students. On Friday and Saturday the students attended an auction sale of books at the store of J. B. Parker, and, as he claims, behaved in a very unbecoming manner, breaking windows, furniture, &c., and assaulting himself and clork. Mr. Parker obtained indictments against ten of the number, and last night Sheriff Taber, of Hanover, assisted by Sheriff Newell, of Haverhill, called at the rooms of the students at one of clock and requested them to get up and accompany them. The request was compiled with, and they were locked up till this morning, when they were taken to the cars at Norwich station and brought to Plymouth for trial. About 400 or more of the students accompanied the coach containing the prisoners to the station, cheering and screeching all the way, and only about six were left to attend chapel service. Mr. Parker, the plaintiff, arrived at the depot soon after, intending to take the train to Plymouth; but the boys remaining hustled him into the depot, shoved him into the tacket office and locked the door, keeping him there until after the train bad left. This afternoon, at a preliminary bearing, the students gave bonds for their appearance at the March term of the Court at Haverhill and were released from custody. Parker, and, as he claims, behaved in a very unbecom-

## A NOVA SCOTIA SUSPENSION.

HALIPAX, Nov. 5, 1875. B. Kirkpatrick & Co., shipping merchants, of Pictors suspended payment to-day. Their liabilities are about \$30,000.

## NEW ENGLAND FAILURES.

Bostox, Nov. 5, 1875. The list of failures and suspensions in the Boston Commercial Bulletin of to-morrow will show a notable diminution of these disasters throughout the country the past week. Among the reported failures in New England are M. Jamis and Newhall & Kimball, eignidealers, of Boston; M. I. Fay, West India goods, and C. E. Kinght, real estate agent, of Worcester; H. & Fifield, West India goods, or Montpolier, Vt., and some small firms in Lynn, Marbishead and other places.